The Liberalist

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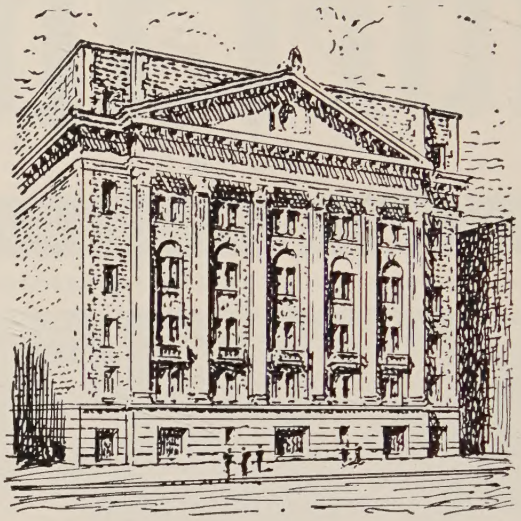
Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

From "1000 Quotable Poems"
Thomas Curtis Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

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"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ON our recent trip to Guatemala, the voyage from Havana to Puerto Barrios was the most pleasing part of our entire trip. The weather was ideal, the winds were gentle, the sky was beautiful, and although I have spent many days at sea, I never remember a more restful or restorative trip.

There is always a fascination for me in leaving or arriving at a port. In all the many times I have crossed the ocean or have taken trips on our own Great Lakes, no matter what the sailing time is, I always seek a place in the bow of the ship, where I can watch the interesting and frequently intricate technique required in a ship's leaving a pier or in docking. I never could understand why so many passengers permit an inconvenient time to rob them of this fascinating experience.

On the morning of our arrival in Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, I was up before dawn and on deck. I had been told that certain lights would be visible at certain times and it is always a thrill for me to scan the horizon, waiting for the first dim glimmer of some light along the shore.

Puerto Barrios is an open port; that is, the steamship wharf extends out into the open sea. I have been in Puerto Barrios several times before, but never when the wind was such the ship could not go alongside. I have been told that there are times when the ships cannot put in to Puerto Barrios but go to some other more sheltered harbor nearby. This has never been my experience.

As the ship slowly makes its way toward the pier, the mist-covered mountains of Guatemala rise in majestic splendor. It is a most inspiring and impressive scene. We passed several ships at anchor but it was too dark for me to make out their names. We were soon alongside. Most of the passengers on our ship did not appear until long after the ship had docked. June and I are both lovers of ships and it is never inconvenient for us to be on deck, particularly when docking or sailing. It is pitiful that so many people permit the tyranny of habit and custom to interfere with many of the most enjoyable opportunities of shipboard.

One of the enjoyable experiences of life aboard a ship is the opportunity of meeting people from all over the world. We met some very interesting people on this trip and friendships were formed which will be life-lasting. We spent a great deal of time, both in New Orleans and in Havana and Guatemala City with Mr. and Mrs. Archer L. Jackson, of Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Jackson is the well-known contractor and builder and has been building the new municipal garages which the City of Chicago has been constructing. Both, I was happy to learn, are long-time radio listeners of our services, and on Easter Sunday were present at our 11 o'clock service. Another interesting passenger was Mr. John Brogan, vice president of King Features, of New York. He was a passenger from Havana to Puerto Barrios. We saw much of him in Guatemala where he had come to attend a meeting of newspaper men held in Antigua. He knows everyone of importance in the newspaper world and we had many an interesting visit together.

Mr. John Knight, editor of the Chicago Daily News, and Mr. Marshall Field III, publisher of the Chicago Sun-Times, were also at Antigua, attending the newspaper men's meeting. Mr.

Richard A. Cosh, vice president of the Owens Illinois Company and his delightful wife, from Toledo, Ohio, were especially interesting to us, because of my friendship with the Levis family in Chicago, who are identified with the Owens Illinois Company.

Palmer W. Hancock, the comptroller of the Owens Illinois Company, and his wife were passengers. Philip K. Hills, vice president of the Chrysler Motor Company, and his wife were fellow passengers and I had many interesting conversations with him about the industrial and economic situation.

I do not think any family on board attracted more attention or was held in more love than the family of Dr. Herbert Janson who, with Mrs. Janson and their unusual youngster David, contributed much to the life of the ship. David was the favorite of everyone on board and a most remarkable child. The Janson's live in Homewood and Dr. Janson is on the staff of the Illinois Central Hospital. I don't recall ever having been a passenger on a ship with a more congenial group of people.

Puerto Barrios itself is not too interesting and almost everyone plans to go from there to Guatemala City. The usual method is to fly from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala City and then return by rail. June and Mary decided to do this, but I chose to go by rail both ways. I had never been to Guatemala City and the railroad, which is narrow gauge, winds its way through desert, banana plantations, swamps, on up into the magnificent scenery as one nears Guatemala City itself.

We left our ship shortly after breakfast, walked down to the end of the pier, and there were two trains waiting, one to take those who were going up by rail and the other to take those who were leaving for the airport. Here we separated.

I wish I had the space to describe the train! I have never had an experience like it in transportation. Narrow gauge, uncomfortable seats, and as the train went along over some very rough tracks, (and I was in what is called and supposed to be a deluxe car) the sides of the car would move in and out, the roof would go up and down, and it seemed as if the whole thing would collapse any moment like a frail cigar box. But it was such a unique experience that I have no regrets in going by rail. As we passed through the little villages, with their thatched roofs and dirt floors, naked children along the track begged for "dinero."

Passing through the jungles I saw myriads and myriads of orchids growing wild, beautiful flowering trees and shrubs, and occasionally, through a little clearing in the jungle, I would catch a glimpse of a home as primitive as those of centuries ago,—no lights, no doors, no windows, thatched roofs and, as you looked through the doorways, you could see the sleeping quarters on four posts, with palm leaves for mattresses. No radios, no newspapers, apparently as primitive a way of life as one would find anywhere.

The last part of the trip was over trestles which span chasms hundreds of feet below. It was, I am sure, more thrilling than flying to cross these trestles in the rickety, jerking train. Before one reaches Guatemala City, the elevation rises rapidly and the last few miles one cylinder of our ancient locomotive refused to work entirely and it seemed at times as though we never would reach Guatemala City. We were nearly twelve hours going about 150 miles. Mary and June were about an hour going from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala City. They had had nearly a whole day in Guatemala City when I arrived in late afternoon. They were to meet me at the depot, but our train stopped outside the depot, where cars

were waiting to take us to the hotel. It was some time later that we finally met in the San Carlos Hotel, a modern, comfortable, picturesque hotel, architecturally in keeping with the country and having very modern conveniences. It hardly seemed possible that such contrasts could exist within such a few miles. There are no buildings in Guatemala over two or three stories in height on account of the earthquakes, and it is a very interesting and picturesque city.

The streets were filled with people dressed in the colorful garb of their respective localities, with much evidence of poverty everywhere.

The new government which had not been in power too long before our arrival, faces one of the greatest challenges and opportunities existing in Central America. It is an anti-communist government, but like most governments which come into power after a revolution, it has found it necessary to make many restrictions on the people. Its future is uncertain. When I tried to talk to our taxi driver on the way to Antigua about it, he was reluctant to express an opinion, but finally made a remark which was highly indicative of his personal opinion when he said, "The new government is just the same old monkey with a new cap." I am convinced the rank and file of the people in Guatemala City have been disillusioned so many times by their politicians that their attitude is to wait and see if the change is for the better or worse. It is quite difficult for a person who goes into a country for a few days to appraise a situation and I don't have too much respect for the traveler who comes out of a country from only a superficial contact and expresses dogmatic opinions. Only yesterday I was in conversation with a group of men and one man said to another: "You are just back from your trip around the world." He said "Yes." The other said: "What did they think of us around the world?" And this man immediately and glibly replied: "They don't like us in India," they don't like us here and they don't like us there. After hearing his comment I said to him "How long were you in India?" And he said "Nine days." Nine days in one of the most complicated countries in the world and yet he comes back with an authoritative opinion about the country. It is such loose talk that jeopardizes relationships and it ought to be avoided.

June and Mary, after our interesting experiences in Guatemala City and Antigua, came back with me on the same picturesque train. I am convinced, however, we had a different engine. The return trip to the coast was much faster and much more comfortable, as it is down-grade all the way. They both said frequently that while their flight to Guatemala City from the coast was interesting, it did not compare with the train trip. As one winds around curves through majestic mountains, one feels a kinship with nature which I never feel when in the clouds. The train stopped occasionally in little villages and also for meals, which were wholesome and served in a clean dining room on spotless tables.

The railroad winds alongside a beautiful, swift-flowing river, which has its source way up in the mountains and increases in width and current as it nears the sea. We enjoyed some freshly caught fish, but I could not find out what they were. Along the river bank, under shelters made of sticks and covered with leaves from the banana shrub to keep out the sun, women were doing their washing. Everyone seemed to be happy. The children who came up to our train as we stopped in these little

villages were friendly and cheerful, the people kindly and happy.

We arrived back in Puerto Barrios about 5:00 o'clock, expecting to sail at 6:30, but a banana train was delayed in coming in to Puerto Barrios and we did not get away until after 9:00 o'clock.

The operation of loading bananas is a fascinating sight. It is now all done by machinery. The only manual labor is carrying the bunches of bananas from the cars and placing them on the revolving belt which carries them into the ship's hold. We loaded about 56,000 bunches of bananas, giving our ship a ballast which was very much appreciated when we ran into the storm at 3:00 o'clock on Sunday morning, which lasted almost until we entered the Mississippi River. Our ship, the "Chiriqui", is a good sea boat and Sunday's storm demonstrated this fact. I was awakened at 3:00 o'clock in the morning when a wave splashed through our porthole. Soon after, the sailors were putting up the outside shutters, and I knew we were in for it.

The Captain had invited me to hold a service at 11 o'clock on the ship. We had planned the service and I was looking forward to it. I have often preached on ships at sea. The last experience was on the world's fastest ship, our own "United States." I knew by the time we went down to breakfast that it wouldn't be possible for anyone to attend the service, not only because most of the passengers were not feeling too well, but because the motion of the ship would make it impossible to stand and conduct a service. I went to the Captain and suggested that the service be cancelled. He thought perhaps it would be best, and then suggested that possibly the sea might go down by evening and we could hold an evening service. To this I agreed, but the sea did not follow our suggestion.

June and I are good sailors, as was Mary, and none of us ever missed a meal in the dining room. The Captain told me before our arrival in New Orleans that he knew we were going to run into the storm when we left Puerto Barrios, but he ran into it a few hours before he anticipated it from weather reports. It was a continuation of the severe storm which swept the United States and brought unseasonable wind and snow in some parts of the South. The ride up the Mississippi from the Gulf to New Orleans was during the night. This we regretted, but we had had a delightful trip down to the Gulf so felt we had not been cheated too much.

On arrival in New Orleans we were soon comfortably located in the Roosevelt Hotel, where my good friend, Col. Seymour Weiss, is a perfect host. I only had two days and one night in New Orleans, but they were filled with interesting and inspiring experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Norris Brett invited us to their home one afternoon and it was pleasant to renew our friendship. Mrs. Brett is affiliated with the New Orleans Little Theatre and Mr. Brett I had seen not too long ago, when I officiated at the funeral of his mother here in Chicago. Their home in the Vieux Carré, in the Pontaba Building, is directly across Jackson Square, near the historic center of New Orleans, not far from the old St. Louis Cathedral, and across the square from the old Cabildo and the government buildings.

They live in one of the most interesting apartments I have ever seen, and in the oldest building in New Orleans. Their home is filled with *objets d'art,* fine books, and the moment one enters there is the impression "Here lives culture, hospitality, friendliness—gracious living at its best."

I had to return to Chicago in order

to speak at a banquet on Thursday night and be present at the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League on Friday and to speak at the banquet on Friday night. June and Mary remained another day, arriving home on Friday morning.

I was delighted on arrival to hear such excellent comments on the fine manner in which the Reverend Waldemar Argow had carried on during my absence. Sunday morning soon dawned and our beautiful Palm Sunday service opened up the activity of Holy Week. I returned to the pulpit rested, with increased energy to meet the responsibilities and activities which constitute my life.

* * *

These words are being written in May. They will be read by you in June. Where has this year gone? It seems almost impossible for me to realize that we are nearing the end of our church year. The closing service will be Sunday, June 12, in which I am going to preach my annual baccalaureate sermon to the 1955 graduates of Chicago schools and colleges. I am speaking on "A Salute to Youth."

I am looking forward to a busy and a restful summer. Part of the time will be spent at our island home in Lake Vermilion and part in Europe. I am preaching in London, lecturing in the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland, preaching on Sunday, July 17th, at Manchester College, Oxford, England, and on July 24th, in First Presbyterian Church of Belfast, Ireland, and July 31st, in First Unitarian Church of Dublin, Ireland. I shall visit France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, England, Scotland and Ireland. I shall sail from Ostend and spend a day in Brussels. It is always a stimulating experience for me to visit other parts of the world and I try to share these experiences throughout the entire year in my lectures, broadcasts and sermons.

I am curtailing my European visit this year in order to get more time before the opening of church, for a complete rest.

I hope you will plan to attend the two services in June and that you will give me the opportunity of bidding you a personal goodbye at our concluding service for the church year.

As the church year closes, I send to every subscriber, every radio listener, every member, everyone who has helped, my deepest appreciation for all you have done in making this, my 43rd year, happy and successful. I never can thank you enough. I hope that each of you will have a pleasant and a restful summer and that you will be protected from sickness, accident and trouble.

CHRISTENINGS IN APRIL

10—Scott Hillis Bram, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Bram.
Patricia Mae Johnson and James Sherman Johnson, children of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson.
James Arthur Ohlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ohlin.
Scott Michael Oliver, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Oliver.
Janice Lee Petersen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Petersen.
Vicki Lucille Rayner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rayner.
James William Roof, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Roof.
Donald Richard Silvestri, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pasquali Silvestri.
Daniel Stone, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Stone.
Marietta Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Thompson.
17—Susanne Kohl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kohl.
James Arthur Keighley, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Keighley.
Barbara Anne Schuelke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schuelke.

THREE SONNETS

Dedicated to Dr. Preston Bradley

By SIGRID SITTIG

"We are not ready" for an ordered world
of peace and international accord.
We are not ready to forsake the sword
or keep the bloody flags of battle furled.
We are not ready . . . Though swift bolts be hurled
of atom-doom, we are not ready, Lord,
to live the faith we honor in Thy Word . . .
We are not ready for an ordered world.
Are we then ready for the holocaust?
In bombing blast to lose the best we know?
To see the unborn with the living tossed
to burning death, with craven: Be it so—
man cannot conquer war? All is not lost
while still one throat cries out a thundering NO!

* * *

Let me prefer in all my brother's good.
So act to bring the best in him to be.
Let me respect his spirit's dignity
and live with him in trust as brothers should.
For each is indispensable to God.
In service to the least of those whom He
has given life, I earn the hope to see
the flowering of a worldwide brotherhood.
Let me respect his difference, grow strong
in Company of free men, holding clear
that use of man as means is ever wrong.
An end unto himself, and each his peer,
men will walk grandly in a friendly throng
and learn that love will conquer brother-fear.

* * *

This is my creed. In every man I see
my brother. Each, though he be great or small,
endowed with gifts or poor in soul, I call
unique in moral worth and dignity.
So act to bring his spirit's best to be
and thereby in thyself elicit all
the best. Revere his difference. No wall
can separate the equal and the free.
"Be perfect!" None may *win* that goal. Yet each
may discipline his will and set his might
with steadfast purposes to that end, and teach
the knowledge, love, and practice of the right.
So may we ever onward, upward reach
unto the day of peace and love and light.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

ONLY little minds are afraid of the telescope and the microscope. They are people who are so controlled by the limitations of their anthropomorphic concept of God that they are afraid of the larger truths of Almighty God Himself—the God who goes beyond the confines of this little planetary system, of which you and I are but particles of dust, reaching out into celestial space. The same creative mind is behind it all as if behind your mind and your heart.

You are a part of this cosmos; your soul reflects the over-soul of that cosmos; your mind is a God-given thing; and the more a man becomes alienated from superstition and fear, from bigotry and hatred, from limitation, and gets the full sweep of the progressive quality of the creative soul of God, the more yonder-minded does he become.

You can hear the Divine symphony of the creative processes at work in every area of nature; you can sense it in the creative faculties of those who have given us art and literature and beauty and drama and love, and tears. It's the whole scope of human experience, and nothing within that experience is alien to the heart and love of God. Therefore the power of God becomes a reality when we use our brains. The power of God becomes something regarding which we do not have to conform to the conventionalities of the crowd or follow the respectable expression of religion itself.

That is when courage comes to the human soul and we find an answer to every human problem; we find the great spirit of Love and the power of God in every human experience.

I have found it so and I wouldn't trade it for anything in this world—that in any experience of life, any sorrow, any heartache, any tragedy of life, I can reach into the heart of God; not through the mechanics or machinery of externals, but in the quiet loveliness and beauty of that intimacy between the heart of man and the heart of God. That makes you unafraid of life—it makes you unafraid even of death. I have no fear in my heart of death, none whatever. I look at it with awe, but not with fear.

You and I are living miracles. This universe is nothing but miracles. Our brain with its eight million little brain cells is a miracle. Every second of the clock is a miracle second. And that is why the great mind of the philosopher Paul said, "He has given us the *power* of a good mind." Don't deprive yourselves of that power. Use it!

"THE POWER OF NEGATIVE THINKING"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, May 1, 1955

YESTERDAY noon I had the privilege of speaking to more than a thousand young men delegates of the Junior Association of Commerce, in convention here, each of whom is under thirty-five years of age. It was a great experience for me! When the chairman who introduced me referred to the fact that I've been forty-three years in this pulpit, I said: "You know, I've got to the point where before every service of this church, when I open that vestry door and follow the choir into the service I say a little prayer between there and the pulpit, and that little prayer is: 'Oh Lord, give the people poor memories!' Because I have told all I know so many times that I always feel confident if I should stumble for a word or seek for a phrase, (which I sometimes do inasmuch as I preach and speak the way I do without any manuscripts at all) I could look right out over my audience and see a hundred or more people who could say to me: "Don't worry about it Doctor, here's the word!" They could prompt me! They would know just the word I was looking for they've heard me so often and so long! Well now this story I am about to tell is new. I have never told it on the air before, and it is a true story. And you will see why I have introduced the thought of our sermon today, THE POWER OF NEGATIVE THINKING!

I have known Norman Vincent Peale for a long, long time! I knew him when he was a minister in Syracuse, where he had a church before he went to that great church in New York and I like him very, very much, indeed! He is a wonderful personality! We run into each other quite often as our ways and trails crisscross across this country in the amount of speaking we do. I saw him quite recently in Chicago, and we always have a good visit together. Well, I was in New York several years ago and he hadn't been at the Collegiate Church very long, and I thought I would go over to his church and call on him. So I, who sometimes walk in where even angels fear to tread, walked into the church, found his study, and he had a half-dozen secretaries sitting around there. I thought: "Well, I'll never get through this barrage!" But finally I said: "Will you please tell Dr. Peale that an old friend of his, and a colleague, from Chicago, Preston Bradley, just wants to shake his hand?" From somewhere Dr. Peale must have heard my voice, because out through a door he popped and said: "Come on in here!" And I went into his study and we visited about many things and we talked away, and then he said to me, "Do you know that I have studied and read every one of your books?" And he took me over to his library and he had a row of my own books! He had COURAGE FOR TODAY and MASTERING FEAR and THE POWER OF RIGHT THINKING, and he had NEW WEALTH FOR YOU—he had them all! And he said: "Just pick one down and see how it's worn!" And I picked one and it was all marked and scratched up—it wasn't like a place that I visited the other day, it was a beautiful home too, but they bought their library to go with their furniture!

And I picked up a half a dozen books in their library, and you had to use a jackknife to cut the leaves apart! They had never been opened—*never* been opened! That's culture! I judge a person's home and I judge, pretty largely, the family in that home by the books and magazines I find around when I go to visit them! So if you know I'm coming get out Harper's Monthly—it'll help make a good impression on me! But I usually judge a home by the literature that I see around that home—that's a good way to judge it!

Dr. Peale picked down my book, THE POWER OF RIGHT THINKING. Now this was a long time before he ever wrote a book that had achieved any degree of success at all! And do you know what he said to me? He said: "Dr. Bradley, there is the best title that any book ever had, THE POWER OF RIGHT THINKING!" And later on, if he didn't come out with a book which he called THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING, and he got my title just as near as he dare get it without infringing on the copyright laws! And everybody in America read his book! I told him the other day: "Norman Peale, there isn't anybody in this country more happy for you than I am!" Anybody who can write a book that can get them a three hundred acre farm in New York State, oh my, why it's just incredible! Two million copies of a book! Well, in the language and vernacular of the street: "That ain't hay!" And I said to Dr. Peale: "You know, I think your book has the poorest title of any book I ever saw, THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING!" And he turned to me and he said: "Well, what do you mean? Have you lectured on the book?" And I said: "Yes, I have. Two or three times!" "Well," he said, "what do you mean it's the poorest title? You had one THE POWER OF RIGHT THINKING!" And I said: "Yes, and it's a better title than yours! A much better title!" And it is! I have known *positive* people who were *wrong!* And when you accept wholly, without qualification, the idea of being positive as always being right—it simply isn't true! So I told Dr. Peale: "That's the reason I think your book has a poor title!" THE POWER OF *POSITIVE* THINKING! I have met positive people who thought positively and who were very positive—they would announce an opinion and they'd say: "Why, of course I'm right! I'm positive about this!" I gave this matter so much thought that I decided it was about time we spent a little thought on THE POWER OF NEGATIVE THINKING!

Any kind of creative thinking is positive thinking, and positive thinking has the same chemical reaction on the body as it has spiritual ability to transform the inner personality, and the law works both ways! Every principle of nature and of God, every definite law, is applicable to the whole area of conditions! And long before we ever had the word "psychologist" and long before we ever had the word "psychiatry", and long before we ever heard of "behaviorism", and long before Young was ever born or Watson was ever born or Freud was ever heard of—long before these men ever came out with their theories and ideas, we had a great sentence from an ancient book! The Master was the greatest psychologist and psychiatrist humanity has ever known! There isn't one single principle involving the development of the human personality, or the enrichment or deepening of that personality, embraced in the whole field of modern psychology or modern psychiatry, that isn't incorporated in one sentence which I can quote from that book! It

anticipated them all! And that was one of the reasons why, in my little book on Happiness and Through Creative Living, I studiously and deliberately avoided every phrase that belongs to the jargon of the modern psychiatrist and psychologist! You will not find one of those phrases in my book on creative living! Not one! I was speaking to a teacher's institute the other day and after my address had an opportunity to speak to a professional child-psychologist.

The best child-psychologist this world ever had was my mother! And she never heard the word psychologist. If you had used it in talking with my blessed mother I don't think she'd have known what you were talking about—she might have thought it was a disease or something! She was the best child-psychologist I ever knew, and my father knew more about child-psychology than any man I've ever known! Because as long as I was eating the food that my father worked and paid for; as long as I was wearing the clothes that my father's hands earned as he pounded out iron; as long as I was living under his roof, there never was an argument in our house about who was boss! He knew more about child-psychology than half these new fangled folks who are coming up with these new ideas about child-psychology: "Don't repress the little darlings; go in the bathroom and shut the door and let them run riot! Don't repress them! Oh, no! You will wound or scar the psychic, sensitive plate of their inner personalities!" BOSH! When my father, who was an expert in child-psychology, said to me: "My boy, you're going to do something!", he always said it kindly and he never had to punish me—never! And I did what he said I was to do. I didn't know anything about corporal punishment from my father, who has sat in this church often, and was here at the dedication of this church! No! I never had any trouble about that at all!

There is just as much authority today in the American home as there ever has been, but it has changed hands! And we're not going to get out of some of the trouble we're in until the authority gets back in the right hands! And if there are any child-psychiatrists or anyone interested in abnormal-psychology who doesn't like that—you make the best of it! Because it's just plain old-fashioned, everyday, ordinary, common, horse sense—that's just what it is! And I've very little patience with some of this so-called psychology—very little patience with it! And I've studied it ever since the phrases have been known to man!

Now the power of a *negative* attitude toward life is tremendous! Have you analyzed your own attitude toward life recently? What *is* your attitude? Now, just as a *positive attitude is creative*, so a *negative attitude is destructive!* And this great sentence: AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS HEART, SO IS HE, is the dogma which is the basis of all personality development, and is the heart and the soul of all the psychiatry and psychology of these modern days! It has never been said better; it has never been said more inclusively; it has never been said more creatively —that you and I *are what we are because of what we think!* Through the inevitable chemical reaction in every corpuscle in our body, we mold and crystallize whether we are a dynamic, vibrant, winsome, buoyant personality or whether we are the kind of a personality who when people see us come around, they nudge each other and say: "Here she comes!" or "Here he comes! Be careful!" The creative personality is *always* a personality who is winsome and attractive to other

people! And the converse is true. If you want to be wizened, dried up, with vinegar in your veins and arteries instead of warm, rich, red blood filled with light corpuscles; if you want to have a face, long and twisted and envious and suspicious and spiteful and hateful; if you're the kind of person who just *loves* to get hold of a sweet little morsel of gossip or slander and you *love* to slide up alongside of somebody and behind the palm of your hand say: "Did you hear? Did you hear?" If you want to be that kind of person, just you live negatively and think negative thoughts. Why the power of a negative attitude will wreck you! It will ruin your body; it will destroy your digestion; it will cripple your intellect; it will wither your soul!

One of the finest truths in the world for us all to master is this truth—it's not from Sheen; it's not from Peale; it's not from Lippmann, it's not from any of the moderns at all; it's from an old book—AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS HEART, SO IS HE! And that is true!

Divine truth, open our minds and saturate our hearts with the fundamental truth that we are *outside and inside* what we think! And may every negative impulse be separated from us while love and truth and beauty may have full sway in our lives!

BOOK CHATS

BECAUSE the children come home from school in June, to be on vacation until September, it might be well for parents to have a few interesting story books on hand for the rainy days. *Happy Times in Czechoslovakia* is just the kind of book to make a child from four years to twelve, and even up to 60, want to look inside the covers.

The illustrations are all in beautiful colors such as one sees on the finest embroidery that comes from Czechoslovakia. Above the chapter "The Ride of the Kings," is a picture of a snow-white horse, all decked out in many colored ribbons, with flowers on the harness, and an eleven-year-old boy, dressed in a girl's dress for just this once, is astride the horse, with hands tied to the saddle, a crown of colored ribbons streaming in the breeze—a very colorful sight indeed.

There are the colorful pictures of harvest-time, which looks like a combination of a glorified picnic and a circus all rolled into one. There is the beautiful bedroom with three little children all saying their prayers, and a rack above the bed, with eight pillows piled on top.

There is a foreword to the book written by Eleanor Roosevelt, which is so short I shall quote it:

"At this time when the world is full of things which bring us sorrow (the first printings of the book was in 1940, the second in 1941 and a third in 1946), I think this little book should be an asset to our children's education. They will learn that Czechoslovakia, a small young democracy, was taken over by a totalitarian government. The new government may obliterate some of the things which have existed in this little country for some time; such as the background of national culture. Nothing is ever lost, however, as long as it lives in books and pictures and in the hearts of the children.

"This book is a cheerful and charming picture of the life and experiences

of childhood in Czechoslovakia. It will influence the thought of our own children and perhaps be of value in making them cherish their own traditions.

"I wish the authors of the text and of the drawings every success in the perpetuation of the things which they so evidently hold dear in their native land."

The chapters, of which there are nine, are entitled:
"The Awakening"—"Spring Is Here"—"The Little Goose-herd"—"The Ride of the Kings"—"Harvest"—"School Starts"—"Saint Nicholas"—"A Child Is Born" and "A New Horizon."

The author of *Happy Times in Czechoslovakia* is Libushka Bartusek. The illustrations are by Yarka Burés.

"Tomash!" cried Marushka, looking towards the bed in the other corner of the room, "Tomash! It's today!"

"What's today?" droned a sleepy voice from beneath the feathery mound on the other gaily painted bed.

"It's Judica! . . . The day we throw Old Woman Winter into the brook."

"Ho! So it is!" and out leaped Tomash—"

Marushka was now nearly seven, and was old enough to join the other girls in the village in celebrating the passing of winter.

Through this fascinating little book, one joins the peaceful, happy life of a small village, with the Horak family and lives through Winter, Easter, Harvest and Christmas celebrations and shares in the solemn ceremonies that play so important a part in the family life.

In this interesting book, Madame Bartusek has brought back the peaceful, joyful days of an industrious, courageous people, and in this story has preserved a truly important, historical record. The book was published by Alfred A. Knopf.

The artist, Yarka Burés, presented Dr. Bradley with a copy autographed by him, in which he had pasted on the first fly-leaf a picture of Mrs. Roosevelt, with Yarka standing beside her, as she autographed a book for him.

* * *

Mr. Richard R. Kinney has been helping children garden for years. He is an expert and is Coordinator for Science Study in the Elementary Schools of Bronx County, N.Y. and is editor of *Nature Garden Guide,* as well as director of the School Garden Association of New York City.

Mr. Kinney has just published, through Prentice-Hall, Inc., *Guide to Gardening With Young People.* This book on gardening shows you step-by-step fashion how to help your youngsters learn to garden. It tells teachers how and where to begin. Scout Leaders, Playground Directors, Camp Counselors will all find this book a joy. Whether you wish to grow vegetables for the kitchen or flowers to improve your grounds, the simplicity of this book will enable you to plan a garden and work it with efficiency of time and effort. The book has illustrations on every page, both of the work itself and of children doing the work.

The author tells us "Whether you are 6 or 16 this *Guide* can make you an expert amateur gardener. Every basic fact you need to know about gardening is in it. Here are the topics covered:

A Garden Plot, The Best Laid Plans, Preparations, Planting Time, Keeping Intruders Out, Harvest Time, Showing Off, Indoor Gardens, Fun With Plants, New Plants From Old, Floral Expression, Perennial Varieties, A Gardening Vacation, Managing Resources."

* * *

While we are on the subject of experts, there is a book every parent

should know about, for it contains expert, professional guidance for choosing your college career. The book is *Fine's American College Counselor and Guide.*

Benjamin Fine, Ph. D., is Education Editor of The New York Times and in his Guide, just published, you will find full information on all accredited American colleges and universities, including: Religious Denomination, Extra-curricular Activities, Academic Requirements, Tuition, fees and costs, Facilities Offered, Location, Scholarships, Curricula, Faculties, Enrollment, Athletics, Laboratories, Social Life, and hundreds of other necessary facts. Also there is authoritative advice from a foremost educational expert on choosing a college. Literally anything you want to know about acquiring a higher education is packed into this single volume of basic college entrance information, compiled by America's best-known education expert. Mr. Fine will help you answer such questions as:

Am I Right for College?

What College Is Right for Me?

What Shall I expect in College?

What Scholarships Are Available?

Can I Work My Way Through College?

What Colleges and Universities Are Accredited?

How Do I Apply For Admission?

What About Military Service?

Shall I Go To a Liberal Arts College?

Is Graduate Work Worth While?

What Can a Junior College Do For Me?

What Are the Requirements for Professional and Technical Schools?

What Studies Shall I Choose as the Backbone of My College Career?

There is a Section on College Life Today; one on The Different Kinds of College Education; one on The Professions and one on Directories.

With a book on Gardening, to give the youngster a healthful vacation and a book on the American College to help decide where to go in the fall, this should be a profitable summer to the families who read these two books.

* * *

The Deep Things of God, Essays in Liberal Religion, by Dr. Sidney Spencer, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, is being distributed in this country through MacMillan, Publisher. It was first published in England by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. The Rev. Sidney Spencer has been Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, since 1951. He lectures on Philosophy of Religion and Comparative Religion. He was Upton Lecturer at Manchester College in 1950, delivering a course of lectures on "God and Man in Mystical Religion." He had previously held ministerial appointments at Leicester, Rotherham, Edinburgh and Liverpool, where he was for 24 years minister of Hope Street Unitarian Church. In his earlier years in the ministry Mr. Spencer was an ardent advocate of left-wing politics as a practical expression of Christian teaching. In recent years his emphasis has been predominantly on the inner and mystical aspects of religious life. He has devoted considerable time to the study both of Western and of Eastern mysticism, and has published a booklet entitled *A Unitarian's View of Mysticism.* At the same time he feels as strongly as ever the necessity of giving social expression to the Christian faith. During the war he was President of the Unitarian Union for Social Service.

The book is divided into four sections and is a collection of essays expounding the theological, spiritual and social outlook of a Liberal Christian. The first section contains nearly half the essays, and in it the writer dis-

cusses from a modern standpoint such perennial issues of Christian thinking as divine Omnipotence, Miracle, the Supernatural, the Trinity, and Intercessory Prayer. The next section considers the meaning and value of Mysticism, on which the writer lays the greatest emphasis. The third section deals with some aspects of the life and teaching of Jesus and the fourth with essential questions in the relation of religion and society.

The entire book is unified by the spirit and outlook of the author, presenting an unusual combination of mysticism and practicality, of a devoutly Christian faith with a thoroughly modern spirit. This book should appeal to all who are concerned with the vital issues of religious faith and its expression in the life of our time.

In the section on Problems of Theology, there is a chapter on the true salvation, in which Dr. Spencer says:

" 'To have salvation from Christ,' says William Law, 'is nothing else but to be made like unto Him; it is to have his humility and meekness, his love of God, his desire of doing God's will.'

"But if that is the nature of salvation, it cannot be something exclusive —something confined within the boundaries of the Christian faith. For Paul, for Augustine, for Bunyan and John Wesley, for countless humble Christians down the centuries, salvation has been a very real experience. So it has been for countless men of other religions. Nearly fifty years ago C. F. Andrews went out to India to teach Christianity; he stayed, not only to teach, but also to learn.'I have found myself (he says), a learner at the feet of saints (he is speaking of non-Christian saints), whose life-surrender to the will of God was far more wholehearted than my own.' Hindu saints present us, in fact, again and again with the very same conception of salvation that we find in Augustine and William Law. 'Salvation is this,' cries Tukaram, one of the great mystics of medieval India, 'to have God's love forever in thy heart; perdition is this, to forget that love.' The words of Tulsidas are similar: 'One thing alone I pray, an ever growing love for Thee . . . Save me, I pray Thee, by Thy love; O save me from myself.'

"In utterances like these we have a far deeper and wider understanding of salvation than is presented in the traditional outlook. In the light of them we are led to see that salvation is an experience continued through the whole of a man's life—a process which goes on, so far as it is deep and vital, day to day, 'an ever growing love for God.' Whatever men may believe, salvation is far from being complete at their conversion. The dedication of the soul to God is only a beginning. Towards the end of her life, St. Teresa exclaimed, 'May our Lord be praised, who has delivered me from myself.' If she was then indeed fully 'delivered from herself,' it was only as the climax of a life-long process of inner effort and striving and prayer."

In the section on Religion and Society, in the final chapter on "Is There A Christian Ideal for Society?" as he brings his book to a close, Dr. Spencer says :

"What is the distinctive Christian principle with regard to property? It is not the abolition of private possessions, but the holding of them in trust, as a social responsibility. From the Christian standpoint there can be no such thing as an absolute right of ownership—the sort of thing which entitles men to say, 'I will do what I will with my own'—either as individuals or as groups of men, like a limited company or the state . . .

"The great evil of the modern prop-

erty system is the divorce which it establishes between the owners and the workers—the division which has found expression in the growth of what Marx called a property-less proletariat. It is that division which must be done away, if the Christian ideal of unity and fellowship is to be realized in our common life. The way of advance, I suggest, is not, as Marx proposed, to centralize property in the hands of the state, but to make the workers genuine partners in industrial enterprise, so that they have a personal share in ownership and responsibility. In that way both unity and freedom can be made effective.

"A great deal of fresh thinking is called for, if Christian principles are to be applied to the solution of the problems of modern society. But the fundamental need, underlying all such issues, is a Christian renaissance. If Christianity is to meet the challenge of our time, it must be re-born among us as a vital and creative power. If it is to conquer society, it must rise again in the hearts and minds of men, and inspire them to newness of thought and newness of life."

* * *

"The noted British philosopher, John Cowper Powys, wondered, as the wise men of all ages have wondered, why so many of us who seem to be intellectual individuals let thoughts that prick and sting and bite and corrode our minds blind us to the sheer thrill of living.

"Powys described a truly intellectual person as 'one who has the genius to grasp the fact that it is a curious experience to be alive, so curious in fact that it is madness not to sacrifice everything to get the full taste of it.'" . . .

"It is said that many of us know more about operating our eight-cylinder automobiles than we do about controlling and using our twelve-billion-cell-powered brains."

The above quotations are from a book called *Turn on The Green Lights in Your Life,* by Robert E. Moore and Maxwell I. Schultz, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc. The authors assure us that 15 minutes a day in reading this book can change the course of our lives.

The authors tell us that unless we are truly unusual people, we have been stopped from getting all the good things we want by lack of confidence, by fears, worry, a feeling of insecurity, by the negative thoughts that become sharp red "stop" lights in our mind.

In this book is a description of this brain of ours by Dr. Alexis Carrel. Your brain consists of 12,000,000,000 cells. In every one of those cells there is going on continually a great agitation of small particles around the nucleus in the center. And the two nucleoli in the center of each of your brain cells are "slowly and unceasingly" changing shapes. All that astounding activity is going on in each one of your twelve billion brain cells every minute of your life. Your brain is the world's most sensitive radar sending and receiving apparatus, and a far more powerful power plant than any one ever built by man. "And it is right there above your ears, just waiting for you to 'throw it into gear' in your daily life and go ahead with all the mind power you need to get every bit of the success and happiness you want. That twelve-billion-cell brain of yours gives you the mighty mind power to draw on and use every day of your life the Universal Intelligence or the God—that is in you."

This book tells us that our magnificent inner power, when we know it, respect it and use it, can carry us through the most hopeless adversities to great and outstanding success. Paderewski, for instance, was an example

of the world-wide success that can come to one who believes in his own inner power in spite of heartbreaking disappointment and the negative thinking of everyone around him. For nearly half a century he was the most famous pianist in the world. Yet at an early age he was told "You have no future with the piano. It is useless for you to try." Several professors urged him to try composition because his hands were not formed right. But he practiced, practiced, practiced, day after day. The great Leschetizky finally told him "You might have been a great pianist if you had started earlier. It is too late now!" That did not discourage Paderewski. He refused to let negative thinking control his mind, and won his inner battle.

The authors quote Ralph Waldo Trine, author of "In Tune With the Infinite," who said: "We need more faith in everyday life—faith in the power that works for good, faith in the Infinite God, and hence faith in ourselves created in His image. There is nothing firmer, and safer, and surer than God. As we recognize the fact that we have it in our own hands to open ourselves ever more fully to this Infinite Power, we will find in ourselves an ever increasing sense of power. Then the fears and forebodings that have dominated us in the past will be transmuted into faith, and faith when rightly understood and rightly used is a force before which nothing can stand."

All that I have said thus far is taken from reading the first 30 pages of this book *Turn on the Green Lights in Your Life.*

The other day a friend said to me: "Did you ever see so many "How To" books in your life—books to tell you how to live a happier, more successful life!" He said it in a disparaging tone. I was about to agree with him, when I thought: Well, what of it? How good that is!" There never was a time when more people seemed to need just that sort of reading. And how good it is that more and more people are trying to be helpful to the discouraged ones—the unhappy ones—the fearful ones. One book may help you, another book may help me, and so we have any number of books that may help any number of people. Are they not worth looking into? I think so.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WHILE waiting for a bus to take me to Church last Sunday morning, I got in conversation with a gentleman who was waiting also. I mentioned that I never remembered seeing the foliage so heavy at this time of year; that as one looked out on the park, the density of the foliage looked like midsummer. He said that in his garden the Chrysanthemums were already in bud which was most unusual—that everything in the garden was rushing right along—and that it all meant we were going to

have an early winter. Horrible news to hear in May. But I feel that I got in on an exclusive weather report. Therefore, almanacs not being as popular or prevalent as they were "in the good old days" why should I keep this inside information to myself? There may be certain ramifications of importance to women in this inside information. They may apply to men as well. Should the clothiers get wind of this "short summer" idea, there might be a quick clearance of heavier garments at bargain prices. Then, as an early fall descends, there may be an equally quick clearance of good summer clothing buys. So don't say I didn't give you some good inside information.

After that dissertation in a lighter vein (although good prices in anything, including clothing, is no light matter these days) I now have something very "meaty" to offer. Last evening I had such an inspiring, invigorating experience that it was with difficulty I settled down to sleep. Believe it or not this all came about at what one might have supposed would be a "tiresome" business meeting.

Do you happen to feel that some organization to which you belong is a little bit "dead?" Do you wish you knew what might help to "pep it up?" This meeting I refer to was a perfect example of how to make an organization progress better than it ever has before.

There were twenty of us at this business meeting. We represented five chapters of an organization. We call this our District Council meeting. A new Governor of the District was taking over for the first time. Did he start his year in a dictatorial manner, giving out what *he* wanted the District to do? He did not. He said, "We are going to have several 'buzz sessions' tonight on several subjects. He started people numbering themselves off in series of five, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,—then 1, 2, 3, 4, 5—until the 20 had numbered themselves. All the 1's were assigned to one corner of the room the 2,'s to another, until the four groups of five people each had formed their chairs into four circles. The first subject we were to "Buzz" on was "Progress." We were given five minutes to do this and to come up with all our ideas of what ways we wished to make progress in the coming year. Each group was to quickly pick a chairman and a recorder-reporter for their group. It is well to pick one of the quieter, more modest and retiring ones for a chairman. It gives them good experience, and leaves the ones who are full of ideas a chance to air them. Yet this may be dangerous, unless your quiet one knows how to control the group, so that each member has an equal opportunity to put forth his ideas.

Now the recorder takes down all the ideas put forth. At the end of five minutes time is called and the Chairman (our Governor in this case) calls the recorder of group No. 1 to the front to report on his group. Someone at the blackboard (and a blackboard is a necessity) writes down in brief the suggestions as they are read, numbering them.

The recorder for No. 2 group next comes up front. If some of his or her suggestions from this group duplicate those already on the board, the blackboard writer just places a mark in front of that item, and then adds the suggestions which are different. A general secretary of the meeting copies the notes from the writing on the blackboard. This method is followed until the recorder from each group has reported. Of course, we applaud the recorder as he or she steps up front, and when he or she finishes reporting.

Now, in order that the groups shall

not keep the same membership each time, before we break into groups again, to consider another matter, we re-number, beginning at another point in the room, so the groups have a different personnel each time.

Our next subject to consider was Membership and how to increase it and how to maintain attendance. Again we had four reports made, and as soon as the general secretary had copied the blackboard notes, they were erased to make room for the next reporting.

We had a ten minute break in the middle of the session, and then came back to form new groups. The next two Buzz Sessions were on Publicity and on Ways and Means. I believe we had one session on Inter-Club activity also.

We had so many reports approving one certain activity that before we adjourned we took a quick vote on how many were interested in that one feature, which happened to be a Speaker's Bureau.

I wish I had been the general secretary of that particular meeting for one reason only—to be able to tell you at this moment how many suggestions for action that business meeting resulted in. I know this much. There was enough material there to keep us going for four years.

From all this material, the Executive Committee will start to work on the basis of first things first, and outline a program of action. That action will have come out of the ideas from the minds of twenty people—not one or three or five. The Governor of that District now knows what the members want and expect from him and his corps of workers, and he has a representative from each one of the five chapters represented in the group to assist him. I am willing to hazard a guarantee that we will move forward this coming year and make great progress.

* * *

Why do I put the above report in my Mail Bag in this Church Magazine of ours? Because as I rode to work this morning it suddenly occurred to me that if our various church organizations would try out this effective way of pooling ideas before starting our work in the fall, we could do a better job of showing progress for the 1955-56 season. It also occurred to me that if we could have one business session where all the officers of all the organizations met and went through some buzz sessions we might come up with some marvelous ideas for co-operation —perhaps in some one big event of the year, where we could either bring something very fine to the church or where we might make a Ways and Means Event that was worthwhile.

So I am just tossing this out to be aired and thought about and to find out if there is some good soil around where it may take root and ripen into flower or fruit. This technique is coming more and more into favor with organizations and big business houses. Incidentally, it is a very democratic way of action.

* * *

Mr. Wayne H. Davis, of 6323 Forest Ave., Hammond, Ind., sent Dr. Bradley a copy of a letter which he wrote and which the Hammond Times printed. We received permission from the Hammond Times to publish it in The Liberalist:

TO A GERMAN SOLDIER:

It's Spring today—according to the calendar. However, it's snowy and cold out of doors, and I sit here in my room thinking of you. I often think of you, even though you do not know me; we never knew each other.

You've been dead some ten and a

half years, dear friend. I know you're dead, for I saw your body, and I smelled your rotting flesh. Ever since that hot, dry summer day in Normandy, in 1944, I've seen your body and I've smelled your rotting flesh—and I've wondered about you. I've wondered who you were and what you were. I've wondered about your home life and about your mother and dad. They don't know what happened to you—but I do, and I can't let them know because I don't know who you were or where you lived.

Let me tell you now—but perhaps you already know, wherever you are in the world of spirit—how we found you and what we did. We were a bunch of tired, dirty, disillusioned G.I's, much the same as you—only you were dead and we were alive (at least we thought we were!). We had just pulled off a Normandy road—you remember, to bivouac. All Normandy smelled, but what an odor there was in this field! We knew there was something dead nearby. We hunted around and suddenly—there you were!

You were grotesque in death: dirty, bloated, and your face was but a mass of slimy green. We stood and looked down upon you, dumbstruck, nauseated. You see, we'd only been in Normandy a short time and you were something rather new to us. How terribly soon we became accustomed to death and stench! Too soon!

I suppose you were wearing your dog-tags. You fellows had them, too. I say "I suppose," because I really don't know for sure. We couldn't bend down and search you—forgive us! We just weren't strong enough to stand the putrid smell.

You probably know what we did; maybe you had done the same. A hole, a shove, the hole refilled! After awhile the air absorbed and dissipated the foul stench. Then we dug in and bivouaced for the night. The next day we moved on.

Who were you? Why did you have to die? You weren't very old; in years, I mean. You were about the same age as I. Young by birth but old by experience!

I suppose that somewhere back in your fatherland your mom and dad, and perhaps your wife or sweetheart still wonder—and hope! I'd tell them if I could; you know this, don't you, friend!

Can you forgive me? The sin was of the flesh, not of the spirit.

Wayne H. Davis

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Besides the spiritual "lift" I received from attending your service on May 1, would you like to know what characteristic I shall long remember?

Laughter! I doubt if any congregation in the world was as happy as yours. Your people *could* laugh, and *did*. To me that occasion was a counterthrust to Alfred North Whitehead's keen observation about our having to do our laughing outside of our religion.

An orchid, therefore, to you too next Sunday, for providing the incentive to laugh. Smiling philosophers, happy pastors, and laughing congregations—ah, that's for me.

3550 Pleasant Valley,
Nashville 4, Tennessee.

Yours sincerely,
Edw. Harper, Jr.

The above letter was written on stationery of the Palmer House, so evidently Mr. Harper was passing through Chicago and had been out to the service. Perhaps his name will be found in our Visitor's Register in the Lobby.

KEEP ON THE BEAM

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Address. Annual Luncheon, Young Outdoor Americas, 33rd Annual Convention of Izaak Walton League of America.
Address. Annual Banquet, 33rd Annual Convention I. W. L. A. Presented Awards.
2—Wedding.
Sick calls.
3—Broadcast WBKB-TV. Channel 7.
Palm Sunday Sermon. Peoples Church.
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church.
4—Noon Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church.
5—Noon Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Sermonette. Christopher Fry's Play. "The Boy With a Cart" Peoples Church.
6—Noon Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church "The Prayers of Peter Marshall."
7—Noon Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church. Memorial and Communion Service.
8—Noon Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Evening Service. Peoples Church.
9—Conference.
Wedding.
Sick calls.
10—First Easter Service. New members received. Babies christened.
Second Easter Service.
Closing Evening service for Season.
11—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
12—Address. Junior Association of Commerce, Wedgewood Room, Marshall Field & Company.
Made recording. Universal Recording Studio.
13—Address. Ninth District Federation of Woman's Clubs, Lewis Towers.
Funeral.
14—Two Funerals.
15—Funeral.
Luncheon engagement.
Address. South Shore Temple.
16—Funeral.
Sick calls.
17—Broadcast on WBKB-TV. Channel 7
Sermon. Peoples Church.
18—Funeral.
19—Address. American Association of University Women, Plymouth, Indiana.
20—Address. Christian Palestine Committee, Central YMCA.
Address. Exchange Club Dinner, Broadview Community Church.
21—Address. Kiwanis Club, Cleveland Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.
Autographing party, Higbee Bookstore, Cleveland, Ohio.
Address. Annual Dinner, Men's Club, First Baptist Church, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.
22—Luncheon Meeting. Chicago Congregational Association, Bismarck Hotel.
23—Two weddings.
24th Annual Shakespeare Dinner. Friends of Literature, Walnut Room, Bismarck Hotel.
24—Broadcast. WBKB-TV. Channel 7.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Evening Sermon. St. Timothy's Church, Gary, Indiana.
25—Address. Spring Luncheon, Woman's Club, Ciro's.
Funeral.
Conference.
Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
26—Address. 50th Anniversary, Granville Methodist Church, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
27—Address. Fifth Annual Banquet, Steger Chamber of Commerce, Steger, Illinois.
29—Address. Magic Carpet Club, Chicago Bar Association.
Conference with Morris B. Sachs, the Rev. Paul Hoban and Rabbi Ralph Simon.
Annual Meeting. Peoples Church.
30—Address. State Convention, Junior Association of Commerce, Morrison Hotel.
Funeral.
Wedding.

WEDDINGS

2—Mary Bertrand and John Becker.
9—Rosemary Walkup and Paul Leschuck.
23—Yeoland Wellington and Ernest Butler.
Delia J. Toyser and Walter S. Kolody.
30—Carol Finder and Ronald K. Dean.

FUNERALS

9—Mary Coburn.
13—Mrs. Effie M. Geist.
14—Mr. Samuel Van Cleave.
Rev. Dr. Walter MacPherson.
15—Mrs. Lydia Fowler.
16—Dr. George Dasch.
18—Mrs. Alma Apperson.
25—Fred Klaner.
30—Wm. C. Gartelman.

DR. BRADLEY'S SERMON SUBJECTS FOR JUNE

June 5—"THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD"
June 12—"A SALUTE TO YOUTH"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education
(Opens the third Sunday in September. Closes the second Sunday in June).....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD (Opens the third Sunday in September. Closes the second Sunday in June).....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (From the first Sunday in November until Easter).....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (From the first Wednesday in November until the Wednesday of Holy Week).....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Opens in September. Meets every other Monday. For summer activities contact the Church Office or the Club Secretary, Miss Edith Anderberg, Corr. Sec., 1614 Ainslie Ave. (40) SUnnyside 4-9146.....1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Meets the second Tuesday in each month. Opening meeting in October. Secretary, Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Ave., Chicago 25, Ill. EDgewater 4-5998.

Professional and Business Woman's Club,—Opens in September. Meets the second Tuesday of each month. Sec., Rosemary Christensen, 2805 N. Leavitt St. (18) DIversey 8-0475.....7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, during Church Season, Anderson Hall.....8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday until June 9th, New Members Welcomed.....8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Every Sunday, until June 12.....9:30 a.m.

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

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